

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

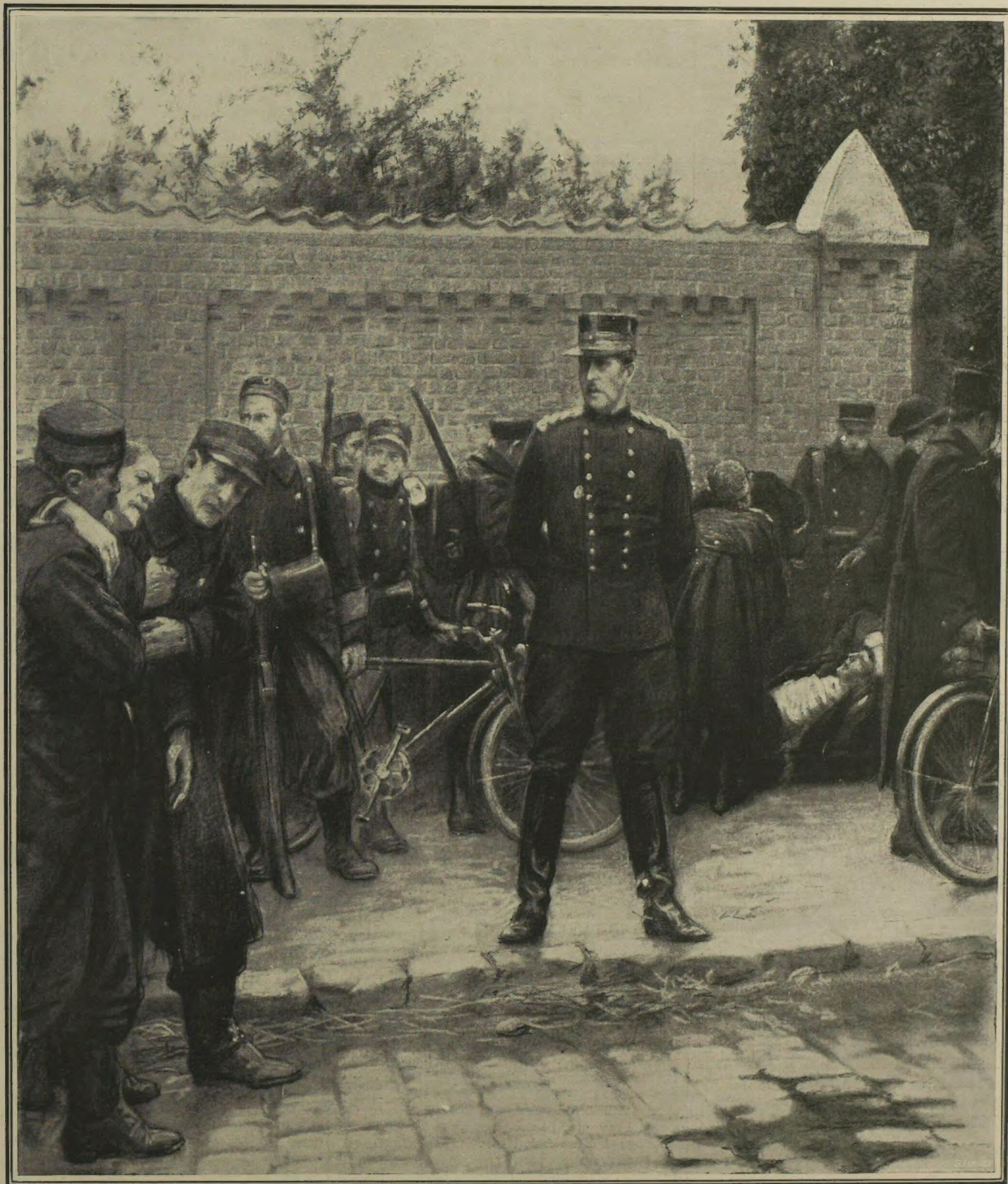
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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1914.

SIXPENCE.

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VALIANT DEFENDER OF RIGHT AND HONOUR: ALBERT, KING OF THE BELGIANS, WHOSE HEROISM DURING THE WAR EVOKED REMARKABLE DEMONSTRATIONS ON THE OCCASION OF HIS FÊTE-DAY.

The heroic conduct of the King of the Belgians in encouraging his troops at the front and sharing their dangers has won for him universal admiration and homage. His fête-day, or name-day—Sunday, November 15—was celebrated both in London and Paris, and also at Havre. In London there was a great religious ceremony in the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster, at which King Albert's children were present. It is said that he received 15,000 telegrams of congratulation. The Belgians in Great

Britain sent a gift of flowers to the Queen of the Belgians and a telegram to their King, as follows: "To the valiant defender of right and honour, the Belgian refugees in the United Kingdom address their hearty and sincere wishes for long life in a glory that is justly deserved. Awaiting the moment, ardently desired, of acclaiming him in his capital, they cry with all their soul, 'Vive le Roi!'" The drawing shows King Albert at the front, standing close to a spot where a German shell had just fallen.

DRAWN BY J. SIMONT.—[COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.]

PARLIAMENT.

THE new Session of Parliament, which was opened by the King with a speech from the throne devoted to the war, is concerned entirely with this supreme issue and with the necessary measures arising out of it. Much attention has also been given to the provision for the comfort of recruits, and to the allowances and pensions in respect of soldiers and sailors. A supplementary vote of credit to the amount of 225 millions sterling, and a vote for another million men for the Army, were passed readily and unanimously on Monday. The Prime Minister stated that the cost to the Exchequer of carrying on the war, over and above our normal expenditure, was between £900,000 and £1,000,000 per day. Our Regular Army, exclusive of the Territorial Force, numbers at present practically 1,100,000. Since the beginning of August 700,000 recruits have joined the colours, in addition to at least 200,000 Territorials—nearly a million men, in fact, having enlisted since the first appeal was made. "But that is not enough," said Mr. Asquith, and the House showed itself very willing to vote whatever was required. A War Budget produced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer on Tuesday was based on the estimate that the first full year of the struggle would cost at least 450 millions. He proposed to double the income tax, although for this financial year the doubling would apply to only one-third of income; and he proposed to increase the tax on beer by a halfpenny on the half-pint, allowing a reduction on license duty for every hour of enforced closing, and to raise the tea duty from fivepence to eightpence. He announced a loan for 350 millions at 3½ per cent., to be issued at 95 and redeemed at par in 1928. Tributes to Lord Roberts, characterised by deep feeling, were paid in both Houses, one of the most eloquent being that from Mr. John Redmond, who referred with pride to the fact that the great soldier was an Irishman.

"ON THE CONGO FRONTIER."

TWENTY years ago it was possible to go to Africa and encounter strange adventures in paths untrodden by the white man. To-day Africa holds less mystery than London, and the incidents of sport have been set out over and over again. The enthusiast may travel for months or end, covering thousands of miles, shooting big game and small, enduring hardships, having trouble with servants, dwelling awhile among savage, uncivilised tribes, only to find on his return home that quite a number of people have followed the same, or a very similar route, and that the author of Ecclesiastes was right in his comment upon the absence under the sun of any new thing. Perhaps it is as well that the writer of books does not allow these facts to trouble or even to prejudice him. Major E. M. Jack, R.E., in a readable volume, "On the Congo Frontier" (Fisher Unwin), tells the story of surveying work undertaken to establish the Anglo-Belgian boundary between the Uganda Protectorate and Congo Free State. He went in the first instance as assistant to Major Bright, C.M.G., but in 1910 was appointed Chief British Commissioner in the International Boundary Commission appointed to delineate the British, German, and Belgian frontiers in the Mufumbiro country. Each duty took him into regions little known to Europeans, and offered many opportunities to the rifle, so that a book was almost inevitable. There is not, perhaps, much novelty about it, but the story is straightforward and briskly told. There is no deliberate attempt at fine writing; indeed, a little close revision in the interests of style would have amplified sentences that stand without as much as a verb to cover their nakedness, and others that seem to have been born in moments of extreme thoughtlessness. For example, we read: "Again, when getting near your destination, the aggravations were awful." But just as the traveller must put up with discomforts in order to reach his goal, the sensitive reader must endure small shocks in order to follow a story. The measure of an author's success in this field is his capacity to bring to the reader some sense of the world he writes about, some of the atmosphere of an expedition into country lying at the back of beyond, in "the 30th Meridian East of Greenwich." Most, if not all, of us who have travelled and known the trials of heat, hunger, thirst, and failing supplies have realised something of the compensation that can be found in the sense of untrammelled freedom in the sight of a world unspoiled by man. The writer who has felt these things deeply can generally give life to his narrative, while he who has not responded does no more than offer his reader the husks of travel, for the very sufficient reason that he has found nothing better for himself. Major Jack does not attain to a high level of narrative, but he is never dull. He has a quick eye and a genuine joy in the open-air life; his resourcefulness cannot be hidden by his modesty, and he makes light of difficulties. So, whether in the game-filled country of the George and Edward Lakes, or round the Mountains of the Moon and Lake Kivu, he is excellent company, and we think of him as a friend. This, after all, is the true test of the travel-book.

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BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

ON every sword that is made by man, while the workshops of the world turn out that terrible kind of cutlery, ought to be graven the two mysterious phrases which were on the fairy sword of King Arthur. On one side was written "Take me," and on the other "Cast me away." If no more than this dim fable recalled the doubtful hero of Camelot, we should know that he defended Christendom against the heathen. For the highest mark of Christian civilisation is this capacity for feeling that the sword is at once noble and unnatural; and the more unnatural it is, the more noble it is. People talk of drawing the sword and throwing away the scabbard; but when it is drawn really splendidly, one feels always that the swordsmen may throw away the sword as well. Perhaps the truest parable of the central and civilised spirit of Europe is that of the Norman knight who rode into battle like a juggler as well as a *jongleur*; not only singing the rhymes of Roland, but throwing his sword into the air and catching it again—expressing, in a profoundly Christian paradox, at once his dexterity with the weapon and his indifference to it. This is very symbolic indeed of the real history of our peace and our wars. Europe (and especially France) has never thrown up the sponge; but Europe (and especially France) has often thrown up the sword, sending it flying into the seven heavens of abandoned idealism, but always with a sub-conscious conviction that it can be caught again if necessary. Sometimes it is not caught again; and the result is an unexpected catastrophe, and the triumph of inferior things. Sometimes it is caught again, as it has most certainly been caught again by the French during the last few months. But though the French in this campaign had been more victorious than all their fathers under Louis or Napoleon, they would not found an empire—certainly not an empire that would endure. The French never built their European influence upon concrete foundations, for concrete foundations forbid the flowers and grass of the world to grow. Anyone can see, I think, something almost consciously temporary about the tremendous omnipresence of Napoleon: something merely suggestive, as of a resolute man making a rapid sketch, and leaving the rest to his followers—or even his foes. Such great success is abnormal; and the really great men know it is abnormal. Upon the other side of the blade is written "Cast Me Away."

Among the second-rate or semi-savage traits of modern Germany is the absence of this sense. Many of the Prussian writers have obviously come to think war normal. Nay, many of them can bring themselves to think an armed peace normal, which is even more inhuman and extravagant. The Prussian goes to bed in his uniform. His head has become part of his helmet. And, sincere as we are in the wish to destroy German militarism without destroying German culture, we shall really (in all probability) find it a very fine and delicate piece of marksmanship to shoot off his helmet without shooting off his head. He has come, in some confused way, to regard all cultivation in art or science, all organisation in labour or comradeship, as a means to an end. And that end is what most of us, in the abstract, would call the end of the world. The violence which for us is incidental, for him is involved and implied. The trunk of the tree may be the old German tower, the civic and even sleepy sentinel of so many old German towns. The trunk, I say, may be the tower; the flower may be the flag; but the fruit is the cannon-ball. Of this great and prosperous people one may say, in a horrible parody of the old phrase of ascetic devotion, that all life is a learning to die!

That is, the Hun has grown used to the horse; he sticks to the saddle; he has become a quadruped, like the centaur. The parallel is not false. He has fallen in the scale of animals, precisely because he has permitted himself to make militarism neither a pageant nor a plot, but a habit, like the habits of beasts and

birds. It might be argued that he *could not* disarm, as it used amiably to be argued that if some of the old misers had been washed there would have been nothing of them left at the bottom of the bath. Now there can be no doubt, to say the least of it, that a complex and sympathetic case can be made out for Frederick in the Seven Years' War, or even the treatment of the Ems despatch, and certainly much more for the resentment against the French after Jena and the Napoleonic occupation. It is, therefore, quite human and conceivable that the Prussians should have appeared on a particularly high horse after Rosbach, after Leipzig, or after Sedan. But it is a bad thing to get on to so high a horse that one cannot get off it; and the Prussian's horse has simply run away with him. What was, perhaps, originally a series of spirited self-defences has, by this time, linked itself up and lengthened into one long perspective of perpetual offence. The exception has become the rule, and that is the worst of all possible tyrannies. Now this kind of thing is quite different from any action, however fantastic or however severe, which a State can adopt at a special crisis which it knows to be a crisis. The latter is a sign of strength in the sense that it is a sign of strength to leap aside lightly. The former is only a sign of strength in the sense that it is a sign of strength to sit down heavily.

To take a topical example: consider the question of alcohol in the Near East. I believe they call it "alcohol" in the Near East: and in the days of the Turkish domination this curious Arabic expression was also used by politicians and professors in England. Anyhow, it is a matter of general report that the Young Turks, or cosmopolitan party at Constantinople, have begun largely to disregard the old Arabic horror of this old Arabic word. They began by flirting with champagne, because it was merely official. Afterwards (one gathers) flirtation passed into wedded love; and then into what some regard as the upper heavens of free love. Certain corners of Islam (according to sincere travellers) seem now to be as closely and brilliantly studded with coloured liqueurs as they used to be with coloured jewels. Now I only remark on this in the following sense: that this sort of emancipation must be emasculation. These Moslems have not founded another religion like Mahomet's. They have not even joined another religion instead of Mahomet's. They have no renewal of inquiry or inspiration on the subject: they simply do more and more what they like. This is not a contracting of all the moral muscles, such as that which precedes the blow of war. It is a mere relaxation of the moral muscles, such as might precede any period of peace—or, what is too often the same, civility. When a society has taken that turn, whatever the leading and luxurious people want they will get. Champagne-bottles will burst of themselves, so to speak, if the social atmosphere is sufficiently heated.

On the other hand, the Russian resolve about the temporary restriction of vodka reads to me like a real national effort to avoid a particular peril at a particular time. It does not mean any half-educated horror of strong drink: I believe no such view is held by the Russian Orthodox—I suspect it would very rapidly land them among the Russian heretics. It means that the most religious race in Europe has accepted a fast, and it is in the nature of a fast that it comes to an end. As some Crusaders would not cut their beards until they had entered Jerusalem, so some genuine Russians, I fancy, really would not draw a cork or cut a case till they have entered—well, a place of less spiritual interest than Jerusalem, but almost equally full of Jews. In this case I have consciously chosen an instance against myself, for I have no objection to wine, and no objection to vodka except the fact that I once tasted it. The difference is that the change in Turkey is a deliquescence, the change in Russia a decision.

And this proof applies very sharply to our own attempts to control the English people during so positive a transition as that from the habit of peace to the habit of war. But our own particular blunders are in the grand manner; and they will require an article to themselves.

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LORD ROBERTS' LAST JOURNEY HOME: THE FRENCH ARMY'S TRIBUTE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



1. THE FRENCH ARMY HONOURS THE PASSING OF A GREAT BRITISH SOLDIER: FRENCH INFANTRY MARCHING IN THE CORTÈGE AT BOULOGNE.
2. TRIBUTES TO LORD ROBERTS FROM ALLIES AND COMPATRIOTS: FRENCH AND BRITISH SOLDIERS BEARING CHRYSANTHEMUM WREATHS BEHIND THE COFFIN.
3. TAKING HIS LAST SALUTE ON FRENCH SOIL: THE FLAG-DRAPED COFFIN OF LORD ROBERTS BORNE TO THE QUAY AT BOULOGNE.

The body of Lord Roberts was brought to Boulogne from the British Headquarters at the front, where he died, by a motor-vehicle on November 17. At Boulogne it was received on the bridge at the head of the harbour by officers of the British and French General Staff, and in the military ceremony on the quay side were represented the armies of Great Britain, France, and India. The coffin was draped with the Union Jack, and on it had been placed the dead Field-Marshal's staff cap and a wreath of laurel. British soldiers bore it to the quay, and the pall-bearers included British Staff Officers, headed by General Henry Wilson, and French and Indian Generals. The Royal Welsh Regiment furnished the guard of honour. Behind the coffin walked British and French soldiers bearing huge wreaths of chrysanthemums and palm leaves, followed by British

and French officers and a body of French infantry and marines with fixed bayonets. French infantry also lined the route. The Gare Maritime was decorated with British and French flags, and on the bier which had been prepared the Union Jack and the Tricolour were draped together, while around it lay wreaths sent by the wounded men in hospital, and nurses and chaplains at Boulogne. When the coffin had been placed on the bier, the "Last Post" was sounded, and the French infantry and marines marched past saluting. The "Last Post" was again sounded as the coffin was taken on board the Channel steamer "Onward" to be conveyed to Folkestone. The "Onward" arrived at Folkestone at dusk. It was arranged that the body of Lord Roberts should be brought to London and that the funeral should take place in St. Paul's Cathedral at noon on the 19th.

RUSSIA IN GERMANY; AND THE FIGHTING THAT SAVED WARSAW.

PHOTOGRAPH NO. 1 BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



THE CAMPAIGN IN EAST PRUSSIA: A POSITION LEFT BY THE RUSSIANS BEHIND MARGGRABOWA.



THE FEEDING OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY IN THE FIELD: A CAMP KITCHEN AT WORK.



KILLED IN THE BATTLE WHICH SAVED WARSAW FROM THE GERMANS: DEAD SOLDIERS BESIDE THEIR TRENCHES A FEW MILES FROM THE CITY.



WITH A GERMAN HELMET NEAR: A SOLDIER KILLED NEAR WARSAW.

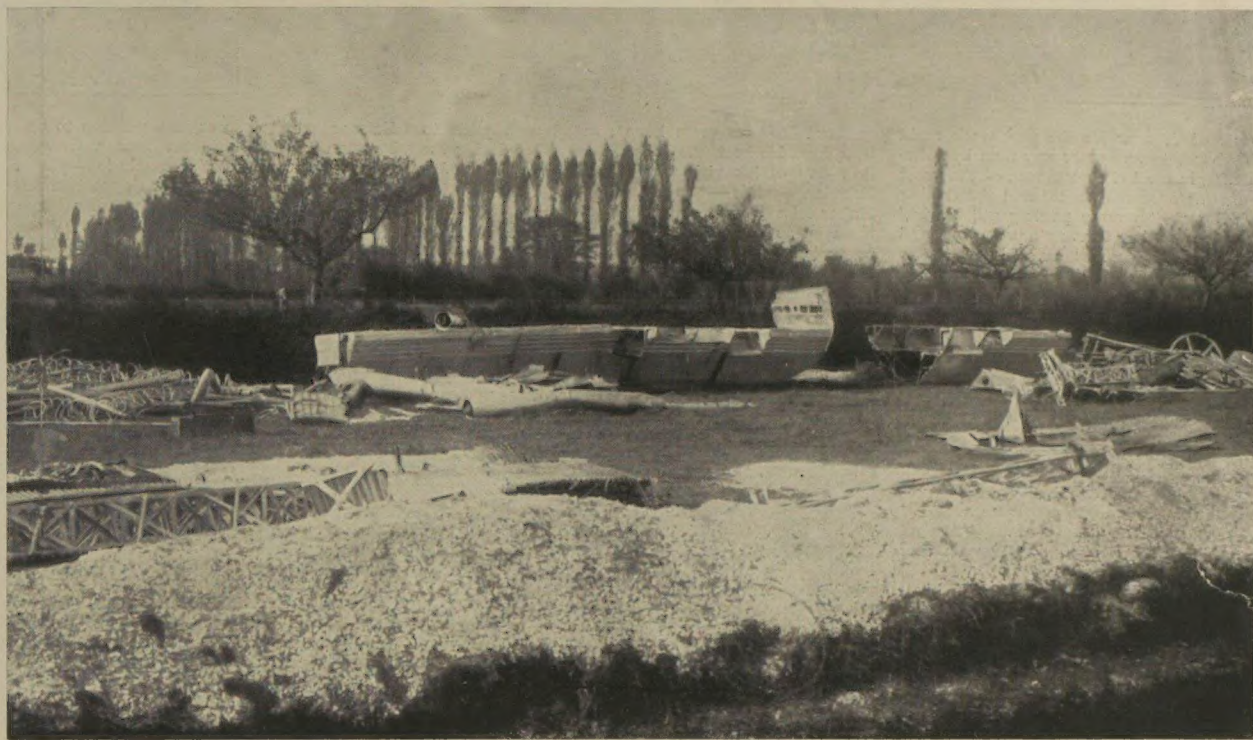


THE GREAT CAMPAIGN IN POLAND: RUSSIAN SOLDIERS IN THE TRENCHES.

There was a feeling of intense relief and joy in Warsaw when the people learned that the Russians had rolled back the tide of the German invasion, as the city had lived through a time of the deepest anxiety. This happy deliverance was the result of the heroic efforts of the Russian troops, which resulted in a victory thus described in a Headquarters statement issued from Petrograd on October 21: "The German forces which have been advancing along the roads to Warsaw through the region north of the

Pilzta have been thrown back and are now in full retreat. Their wounded were left on the battlefield, and their fortified positions, prepared beforehand, abandoned. Our troops are energetically advancing along the whole front." Photographs Nos. 2 to 5 on this page were taken on October 20, during these operations. Photograph No. 1 was taken in another part of the vast Russian campaign, near Marggrabowa, a small town in the north-east of East Prussia, some forty-four miles from Gumbinnen.

A ZEPPELIN BROUGHT DOWN: A GERMAN AIR-DREADNOUGHT WRECKED.



WRECKED ON FRENCH SOIL: THE CARS OF A ZEPPELIN BROUGHT DOWN IN ACTION.



WHAT A DESTROYED ZEPPELIN LOOKS LIKE: DÉBRIS THAT ONCE FORMED THE FRAMEWORK OF A GREAT GERMAN AIR-SHIP.

Although the Zeppelins caused loss of life and some destruction at Antwerp, they have not so far accomplished much of importance in the war, in comparison with the great amount of discussion to which they have given rise, and the vague menaces of destruction to be wrought on our cities and ships. On the other hand, several Zeppelins—the number has been variously estimated from two to six—have been destroyed during the

war. The photographs show the wreckage of one that was brought down in France. Another Zeppelin was destroyed in October by the fire of Russian batteries near Warsaw, and its fragments were taken to Petrograd to be examined by experts. The British aeroplane raid on the air-ship shed at Düsseldorf also accounted for two, of Germany's Dreadnoughts.



THE GREAT WAR.

By CHARLES LOWE



NO reviewer of the war for the past week could possibly begin in any other way than by referring to the death, in ideal circumstances, of the great soldier who was at once the Nestor and the darling of the British Army—"a veray parfit gentil knight," if ever there was one after Chaucer's prototype, and Bayard, "*chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*." To no man did ever the phrase *Felix opportunitate mortis* more apply than to Lord Roberts, who, after a long life of honour, victory, and usefulness to his country, passed away within sound of the guns which had so often been as martial music to his ear, in the very midst of the troops whom he loved so well and was by them so dearly loved in return, including the Gurkhas and the Gordons, brothers-in-arms once more—from whom he had selected his heraldic supporters on being raised to the Peerage.

His visit to our Army in France happened to coincide with the repulse of the vaunted Prussian Guards by some of our best troops; and thus it was given to the hero of Kandahar to end his long and glorious career near the scene of one of the most brilliant victories which ever gilded the British arms. Dead he is, but his soul, like that of a much humbler combatant, goes marching on while his body reposes—not as he, with characteristic elimination of self, would have had it, in the little village-church where he was so regular a worshipper, but under the dome of St. Paul's, beside the ashes of Nelson, Wellington, and Wolseley. I have somewhere read—though I cannot recall the name—of an conquering King or Commander whose name in the field was concealed lest it should discourage his troops. But the death of Lord Roberts, who so often led our troops to victory, will only act as a fresh impetus to the courage of our men and inspire them to acts of further prowess, such as they have won the admiration of the historian soldier whose death they deplore.

In addition to being a soldier, Lord Roberts was something of a seer, since he predicted the war which he went to prevent a few days from the lines of his Belgian friends. On returning home from South Africa he had been honoured with the Black Eagle—the Garter of Prussia—by his ardent admirer the Kaiser, but that did not prevent him from penetrating the designs of Germany, and of communicating to his countrymen the results of his study. His prophetic words are worth quoting in view of their fulfilment by accomplished facts. Speaking at Manchester in the autumn of 1912, he said: "Now, just as in 1866 and 1870, war will take place the instant the German forces by land and sea are, by their superiority at every point, as certain of victory as anything in human calculation can be made certain. Germany strikes when Germany's hour has struck. That is the time-honoured policy of her Foreign Office. It is her policy at the present hour. It is, or should be, the policy of every nation prepared to play a part in history. Therefore, arm and prepare to quit yourselves like men, for the time of your ordeal is at hand."

Though dead, he yet speaketh. Yet even though our British Knight of the Black Eagle was known in Germany—and more particularly by her Emperor—to have been converted to such views, that did not prevent a leading Berlin journal, on hearing of his death, from writing: "Even in war there are moments when the warrior salutes the enemy with his sword instead of striking with it, and such a moment came with the death of Lord Roberts." That was nobly and generously said; being a fitting return for our previous courtesy in according all the honours of war to the surviving Captain and officers of the semi-piratical commerce-

Lord Roberts must have thrilled with pride to hear from his host, Sir John French, that during the first day of his visit to the front the redoubtable Prussian Guards—two brigades of them, with the Kaiser himself, not so much exhorting as hounding them on to the attack "with impassioned appeals," as we learn from our official Eye-Witness—had been repulsed with frightful loss by our own brave Guardsmen, who form a considerable percentage of our First Army Corps under Sir Douglas Haig. It was Inkerman over again, when our Guards held their own, and finally hurled back a vastly superior mass of the enemy—now our friends and Allies. What will the Berliners think when they learn—if ever they are

Kaiser-manceuvres, was in a position to compare the Prussian Guards with the British Guards, and he must have come to the conclusion—patent to any other observer enjoying similar opportunities of judging—that the latter could only suffer by comparison in respect of numbers. There is nothing in all the Prussian Army superior either in physique, discipline, or fighting efficiency to our own Household troops.

But the fight on the Yser between the British and the Prussian Guards must have, all the same, been a battle of giants, and helped materially to swell our losses from the 57,000 casualties of all kinds, which was our official figure up to the end of October, to the 67,000 which they were credibly said to have attained after the sanguinary encounters in Flanders between then and Nov. 11.

And be it remembered that this figure does not include our losses at sea, which, in one respect, must include a casualty list nearly as long and mournful as that on land. Severe winter weather, too, is fast approaching, when the casualties from exposure and disease, as in every campaign, may be more numerous even than those from shell and bullet fire. In South Africa we had over 13,000 deaths from enteric and other maladies as compared with only 5774 "killed in action," or considerably more than twice as many. Infinitely worse was it in the Crimea, where General "Février," with his icy blasts, proved far more formidable to the Allies than General Menchikoff, the Russian commander.

During the struggle for Sebastopol there were 144,000 cases (among the Allies) of typhus and epidemic disease, as compared with the Russian 600,000. The corresponding figures for the Manchurian campaign, as far as concerns Russia, are not available, but they were frightful. It is true that, since then even, all belligerent nations have made immense progress in what might be called the hygiene of war; but the coming winter threatens to be a severe one, and to bring with it a return to the trench life which was fatal to so many of our brave, long-enduring soldiers in the Crimea.

A simple sum in the rule of three is this: If 57,000 was the number of our casualties on land only for the first three months of the war, what will they be by the end of January if the fighting goes on as before, but under weather conditions far more unfavourable—and even fatal—to our long-suffering troops? At this rate, there will be such a "wastage of war" that the sooner Lord Kitchener's second million of men can be got to join the colours the better for the ultimate victory of our arms.

As for the millions of money that will be required for the securing of that victory, it is calculated by one eminent authority that the war is costing us something like £1,000,000 a day, and we have already voted £325,000,000 up to March 31 next. But what then, if the war should last two years—and there are few who think that its duration will be less? It cannot cost us much under £600,000,000—or three times the amount of the French war-indemnity to Germany—and it may even mount to twice that sum. Who is to pay this stupendous bill? Why, of course, the vanquished, as in 1870, say the economists; so that we shall be all right if they are all right.

But to recur, for a moment, from money to men—which, after all, is the main thing. The Prince of Wales is not a Lord Roberts—at least, not just yet—but his gallant presence at the front in conformity with his motto, "*Ich dien*"—i.e., not "*I dine*," but "*I serve*"—will recall the time when his ancestor the "Black Prince" acquired this proud motto, also in the land of France, and inspire our superb soldiers with a heroism higher even than they have already shown.

LONDON: NOVEMBER 17, 1914.



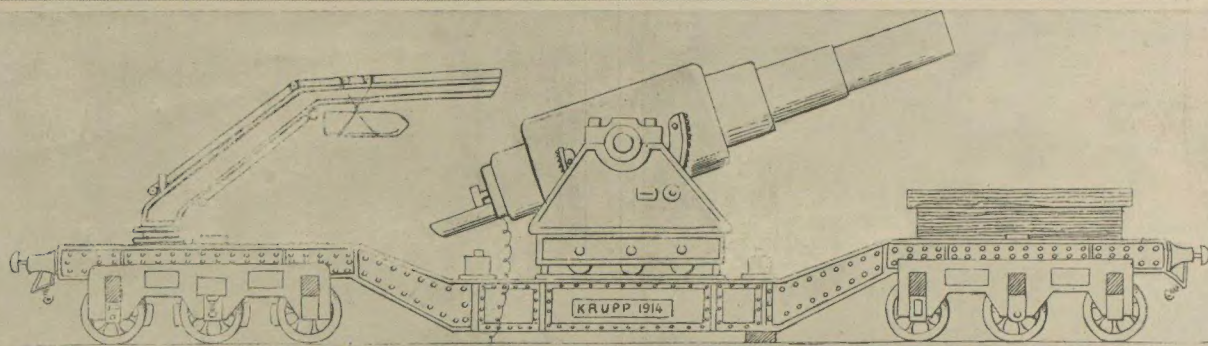
A.D.C. AT THE FRONT TO SIR JOHN FRENCH: THE PRINCE OF WALES.

It was announced on the 16th that the Prince of Wales had that day arrived in France. It will be recalled that his Royal Highness joined the 3rd Batt. Grenadier Guards immediately after the declaration of war. Two months ago he wished to go out with the 1st Battalion, but Lord Kitchener then suggested to the King that as the Prince had not completed his military training, it would be inadvisable. It was later officially announced that he has become an Aide-de-Camp to Sir John French.—[Photograph by Ernest Brooks.]

allowed to do so—that their world-famous 1st Foot Guards—who figure on all ceremonial occasions in the conical sugar-loaf brass headgear of the Great Frederick's time—had to give ground before the murderous fire of our "British Grenadiers"? As a matter of fact, the Berliners, and more particularly the Potsdamers, live in daily contact with their 1st Foot Guards, in which all the royal Princes are installed at the age of ten to learn the business of war, but have never seen or even read a comparative description of our own Brigade of Guards. Lord Roberts, who had repeatedly attended the annual

GREAT GUNS: GERMANY'S 42-C.M.; THE BRITISH 6-IN. HOWITZER.

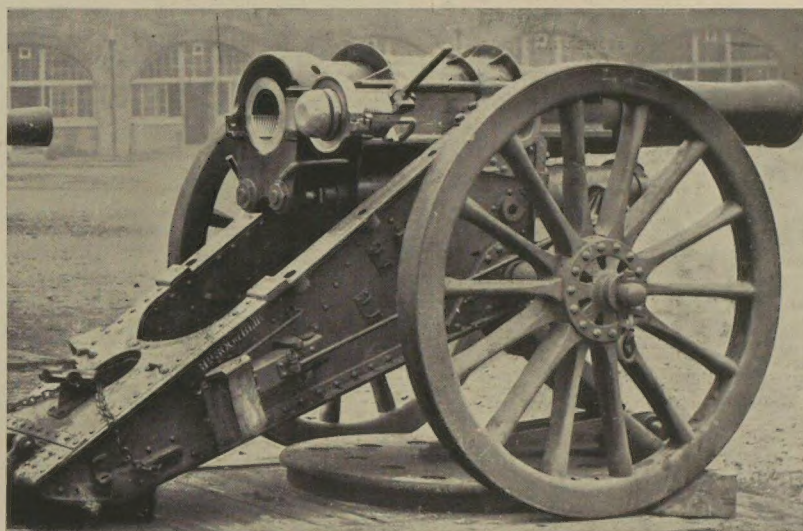
PHOTOGRAPHS BY, CRIBB AND NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS.



THE "MYSTERY" OF GERMANY'S HUGE SIEGE-GUN REVEALED: A DIAGRAM SHOWING A 42-C.M. KRUPP HOWITZER AS IT HAS TO BE TRANSPORTED BY RAIL.

THE German 42-centimetre, or 16.5-inch, siege howitzer, is 19 calibres, or 8 metres (over 26 feet), long. The average length of ordinary siege-pieces rarely exceeds from 6 to 8 calibres. The shell fired is 16.5 in diameter and is rather more than 3 calibres, 1.40 metres (above a yard and a-half) in length. It weighs 800 kilogrammes, upwards of 15½ cwt. The 42 c.m. guns have to be transported by rail, and our diagram shows one in transit. It is carried on a steel framework supported between two trucks. The rear truck (that to the left) has mounted upon it a

[Continued opposite.]



travelling-crane which swings the projectile from the ammunition-wagon (not shown, but coupled in rear of the truck) to the breech of the gun. The gun itself and its carriage rest on the chassis in the centre of the diagram. At the firing-point a solidly built platform of concrete has to be prepared beforehand in order to support and to keep steady the enormous mass of the gun, and the hydraulic jacks (seen in the diagram at either end of the gun-chassis) hold it in position. To the right, in front of the gun, is seen the railway-car in which the gunners travel, which

[Continued below.]

A WEAPON THAT HAS WON THE ADMIRATION OF OUR FRENCH ALLIES: A BRITISH 6-INCH 30-CWT. HOWITZER MOUNTED ON A FIELD CARRIAGE.



PREPARING TO SHELL THE ENEMY: BRITISH GUNNERS GETTING ONE OF OUR 6-INCH HOWITZERS INTO POSITION FOR OPENING FIRE.



A RIVAL TO THEIR OWN FAVOURITE "SOIXANTE-QUINZE": FRENCH LINESMEN WATCHING A BRITISH GUN-TEAM GOING FORWARD WITH A 6-INCH HOWITZER.

Continued.]

immediately follows the locomotive. The gun is generally fired from a distance by electricity.—Our three photographs show a British 6-inch howitzer on a field carriage. The howitzer weighs 30 cwt. and fires a 100-lb. shell, either shrapnel, containing 500 bullets, or charged with high-explosive lyddite. In action the gun is held firm by means of a "hold-fast," anchored in the ground, which also allows of firing in any direction. At each discharge the gun recoils in its cradle, the recoil being checked by a hydraulic buffer which returns it to its firing position by means of a spring in the case seen under

the gun-muzzle. The hinged breech-action is an interrupted screw which is pushed straight into the muzzle and locked with a quarter-turn. A telescopic sight is used, and the gun carries 8000 yards. Said "Eye-Witness" recently: "One of our howitzer batteries . . . selected as its first target a farm from which a machine-gun was harassing our infantry. It scored a hit at the first round, and knocked out the machine-gun. The second target was a house occupied by snipers. This was set alight by a shell. . . . One of our heavy batteries, also, obtained several direct hits on the enemy's guns."

"BAINS DE SIÈGE" IN TRENCHES; AND IMPERIAL SISTERS OF MERCY.



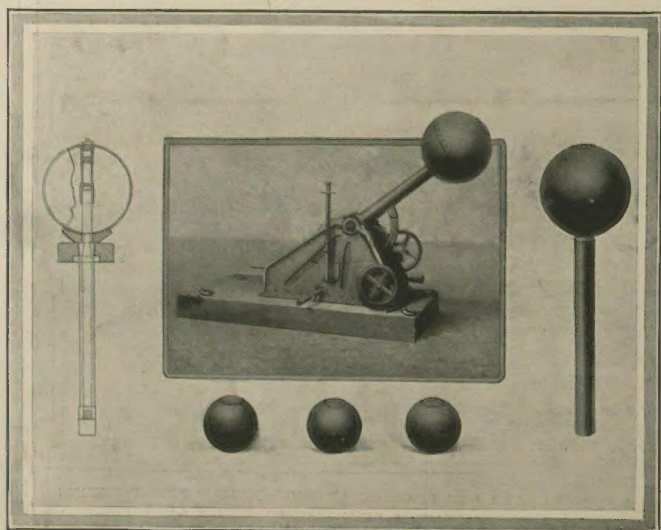
CAPUAN EASE IN THE TRENCHES! HEATING APPARATUS FOR A SHOWER-BATH INSTALLED BY A FRENCH ENGINEER.



BAINS DE SIÈGE IN THE TRENCHES, WITH A HOT SHOWER-BATH: AN ÉTABLISSEMENT IN THE FRENCH LINES.



"SIX GERMAN SHELLS TO EVERY FRENCH SOLDIER": SHRAPNEL AND HIGH-EXPLOSIVE BOMBS BURSTING IN OPEN COUNTRY IN THE ARGONNE.



A "MINENWERFER": THE NEW GERMAN TRENCH-MORTAR THAT THROWS A 187-LB. MINE-SHELL.



THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA AND HER DAUGHTERS AS SISTERS OF MERCY: A GROUP IN A RUSSIAN MILITARY HOSPITAL.

The first two photographs show a bathing establishment, with a hot shower-bath, constructed by an ingenious French engineer in the trenches.—Illustration No. 3 is a panoramic photograph taken in three sections and within 150 yards of the shells, showing a German artillery bombardment of advancing French infantry, in the Argonne country between the Upper Aisne and the Meuse. In the left foreground are French soldiers in an advanced trench. A French correspondent said that "practically every soldier engaged was saluted by six shells." By the evening the enemy's position had been captured.—Photograph No. 4 shows one of the new German trench-mortars

mentioned by "Eye-Witness" in describing the action near Ypres on October 29: "This piece," he wrote, "though light enough to be wheeled by two men, throws a shell weighing 187 lbs." The spherical shell has a loose stem which is loaded into the bore and drops out in flight. It ranges about 350 yards at 45 deg. elevation.—It was stated on October 21 that the Tsaritsa and her daughters were working as Sisters of Mercy at the Tsarskoe Selo Military Hospital. They are known as Sisters Alexandra, Olga, and Tatiana. In the photograph, the Tsaritsa is seen seated between the Grand Duchess Olga (third from left in second row), and the Grand Duchess Tatiana (third from right in second row).

FROM THE BANK TO — : THE LONDON MOTOR-BUS AT THE FRONT.

DRAWN BY A. C. MICHAEL FROM A SKETCH BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, ONE OF OUR SPECIAL WAR ARTISTS.



ON ACTIVE SERVICE: 'BUS-LOADS OF BRITISH INFANTRY HURRYING TO THE TRENCHES TO FILL THE GAPS
IN THE ARMENTIERES-YPRES LINE.

Describing the sketch from which this drawing was made, Mr. Frederic Villiers writes: "The strenuous fighting of the last week on the Armentières-Ypres battle-front has necessitated the quick transportation of men from the base, to fill up the gaps. A fleet of motor-omnibuses has assisted in this work; in fact, the London motor-bus has had much to do with the stemming of the German onslaught." The drawing shows men getting down from the 'buses and rushing forward to the trenches on either side of the

road. It may be added that the motor-bus has proved invaluable in many ways at the front. The moving of troops is but one of its duties. It has carried also food and ammunition and stores in general, sometimes retaining the form to which we are accustomed, in other cases being disguised by having its body removed and replaced by a lorry body. The French, too, are using their motor-buses in the field; and so are the Germans.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE WAR ASHORE AND AFLOAT: SIEGE, ARSON, AND SEA BATTLE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N. AND FARRINGTON PHOTO CO.



THE JAPANESE MASTER-STROKE IN THE FAR EAST: JAPANESE SOLDIERS LANDING AT LAO-SHAN BAY FOR THE SIEGE OF TSING-TAU.



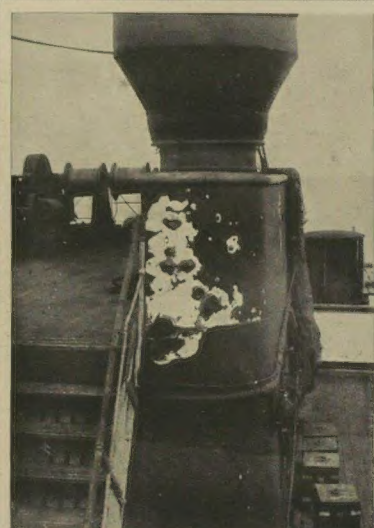
BROTHERS-IN-ARMS IN THE FAR EAST: THE LANDING OF THE BRITISH BRIGADE ACTING WITH THE JAPANESE AGAINST TSING-TAU.



ONE OF THE GERMAN METHODS OF "FRIGHTFULNESS" IN THE WAR: A SOLDIER'S BAG OF FIRE-DISKS.



INCENDIARISM AS A GERMAN PRACTICE OF WAR: (1) THE DISK. (2) ONE OF THE FIRE-DISKS ABLAZE.



THE "CARMANIA'S" DUEL WITH THE "CAP TRAFALGAR": SHELL-DAMAGE / BOARD THE BRITISH LINER.



THE "CARMANIA'S" DUEL WITH THE "CAP TRAFALGAR": THE WRECKED BRIDGE OF THE "CARMANIA."



THE "CARMANIA'S" DUEL WITH THE "CAP TRAFALGAR": AFTER THE BATTLE—THE TEMPORARY BRIDGE RIGGED UP ON BOARD THE "CARMANIA."

The Japanese Navy opened the operations against Tsing-tau on August 27 by blockading the entrance to the bay on which the fortress stands, establishing their base at the same time on one of the adjacent islands. Having cleared the way by mine-sweeping, the besieging army disembarked on September 18 in Lao-shan Bay on the mainland. On November 7 Tsing-tau was taken by assault.—The British troops co-operating in the siege of Tsing-tau, under Brigadier-General Barnardiston, in command of the British troops in garrison in China, also landed in Lao-shan Bay on September 24.—To help them in making the war "frightful" to their adversaries, a certain number of German

soldiers carry, each man, bags of some 300 incendiary disks of gun-cotton. They are dropped about inside a building or flung through a door or window. They can be lighted, even if wet, with a match or cigarette-end, and blaze up instantly for ten or twelve seconds, giving off a fierce flame which spurts out for five or six inches. Each disk is seven-eighths of an inch across.—In spite of the clever tactics of Captain Noel Grant, R.N., in keeping the "Carmania," an armed British passenger-liner, end-on to the enemy during her duel with the German armed liner "Cap Trafalgar," on September 14, seventy-three German shells hit and caused considerable damage.

THE CAMERA AS CORRESPONDENT: PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE FRONT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS 'BUREAU' AND ALFRED.



SACRIFICED AT ANTWERP, THAT THE GERMANS MIGHT NOT FIND FUEL: OIL-TANKS FIRED BY THE BELGIANS BEFORE THE SURRENDER.



SACRIFICED AT ANTWERP, THAT THE GERMANS MIGHT NOT USE THE CONTENTS: OIL-TANKS FIRED BY THE BELGIANS BEFORE THE SURRENDER.



RUSSIAN SPOIL AFTER THE IMPORTANT VICTORY AT LEMBERG: SOME OF THE CAPTURED AUSTRIAN HEAVY GUNS.



SENT TO SIR JOHN FRENCH BY GENERAL JOFFRE: A GERMAN FLAG FOUND BY THE FRENCH WHERE THE BRITISH HAD FOUGHT.



NOW THE SCENE OF SEVERE FIGHTING: AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE SHELL-DAMAGED FRENCH FRONTIER-TOWN OF BAILLEUL.



THE ENEMY IN OCCUPATION: GERMAN WOUNDED BEING PLACED IN A FRENCH MILITARY HOSPITAL.

The oil-tanks of the Independent Petroleum Concern, and British Lianosoff White Oil Company, Ltd., at Antwerp, were among those set fire to by the Belgian authorities on October 8, in the last hours of the siege, and before the Germans took possession of the city, at the same time that the larger steam-ships lying in the harbour were disabled to prevent the enemy making use of them.—Lemberg, the capital of Galicia, was the scene of the first great encounter of the war in Eastern Europe. After a very severe and sanguinary series of engagements lasting seven days, the Russians defeated the Austrians with the loss of 130,000 men, killed, wounded, and prisoners, and 200 guns. —

Some time ago it was stated that a German standard had been found by the French, buried on a battlefield where the British Army fought during the advance from the Marne, and had been handed over to Sir John French by General Joffre. According to another statement on November 16, two more German regimental flags have been found by the French in going over the battlefields of the same neighbourhood, and in like manner sent to the British Headquarters.—Bailleul, round which place severe fighting has been going on during the battles of the Yser, is a small French town of 13,000 inhabitants some eight miles south-west of Ypres.

CAUGHT AT THE ENTANGLEMENTS: GERMAN WIRE-CUTTERS REVEALED TO THE ENEMY.

FACSIMILE SKETCH BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, ONE OF OUR SPECIAL WAR ARTISTS.



DISCLOSED BY THE SWEEPING BEAM OF A SEARCHLIGHT: A PARTY OF GERMANS, SENT TO FREE THE WAY FOR THEIR COMRADES' ADVANCE, LIT-UP AND MADE A TARGET FOR GUN AND RIFLE FIRE—BETWEEN DIXMUDE AND ARRAS.

The searchlight has been used repeatedly by the Allies with deadly effect during the battles in North-Western France and in West Flanders, where the flat and level nature of the district, whenever the weather is sufficiently clear, enable its beams to sweep over a wide expanse of country. Our illustration shows how the searchlight proved its value on one occasion by revealing German wire-cutters at work on a battlefield between Arras and Dixmude. At that point one of the Allies' searchlights was in position, screened by a barrier of sand-bags.

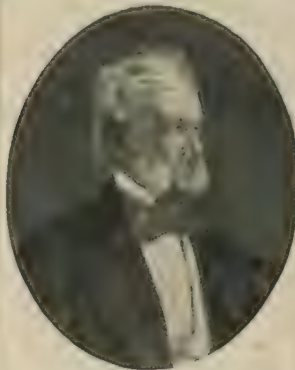
Intending to make an attack during the night, the Germans, before beginning their advance, sent forward stealthily a party of wire-cutters. The night was dark, but the Germans did not make observation. The searchlight, as it swept round, suddenly disclosed them on their errand. Many of the Germans stopped short and kept immovable, hoping so to avoid detection. They were made out plainly, with the result that the British artillery put a decisive stop to the project. (Thanks Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

THE BEST-LOVED OF BRITISH SOLDIERS: LORD ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR.

DRAWINGS BY R. CATON WOODVILLE AND A. FORESTIER; PHOTOGRAPH (NO. 4) BY ELLIOTT AND FRY.



IN THE EARLIER DAYS OF HIS SOLDIERING: LORD ROBERTS.



LORD ROBERTS' FATHER: GENERAL SIR ABRAHAM ROBERTS, G.C.B.



LORD ROBERTS' MOTHER: LADY ROBERTS. (FORMERLY MISS ISABELLA BUNBURY.)



IN THE DAYS OF "MUTTON-CHOP" WHISKERS: LORD ROBERTS IN 1880.



HOW LORD ROBERTS WON THE V.C.: RECOVERING A STANDARD FROM TWO SEPOYS AT KHUDAGANJ ON JANUARY 2, 1858, DURING THE INDIAN MUTINY.



THE CLIMAX OF HIS LAST GREAT CAMPAIGN: RECEIVING THE SURRENDER OF CRONJE AT PAARDEBURG IN 1900 ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF MAJUBA DAY.



A NARROW ESCAPE: ROBERTS KNOCKED OVER WHILE IN CHARGE OF A GUN BEFORE DELHI.



ROBERTS IN AFGHANISTAN: READING THE PROCLAMATION AT KABUL ON OCTOBER 12, 1879.



ANOTHER NARROW ESCAPE IN THE MUTINY: A TROOPER OF THE 9TH LANCERS SAVES ROBERTS.

Lord Roberts was born, at Cawnpore on September 30, 1832. His father, afterwards General Sir Abraham Roberts, was then in command of the Bengal European Regiment, now the Munster Fusiliers. He came of an old Irish family in County Waterford. After being educated in England, Frederick Roberts returned to India in 1852, and served as A.D.C. to his father at Peshawar. In 1854 he joined the Bengal Horse Artillery. He fought through the Indian Mutiny, taking part in the siege of Delhi and the relief and defence of Lucknow, was wounded, and had several narrow escapes. He won the V.C. by saving the life of a sowar who was overmatched by two sepoys, and recovering a

standard from two other sepoys. In 1878 he took command of the Punjab Frontier Force, and later came the famous marches to Kabul and Kandahar. In 1885 he became Commander-in-Chief in India, which he finally left in 1893. The story of his career there is told in his "Forty-One Years in India." How, in 1899, he went out to take command in South Africa, and turned ill-success into victory, is within the memory of most. It was on February 27 (Majuba Day), 1900, that Cronje surrendered at Paardeburg with 4000 men. Lord Roberts returned to England in 1901, and succeeded Lord Wolseley as Commander-in-Chief. He was created an Earl in 1902.

DEAD, AS HE WOULD WISH. "WITHIN THE SOUND OF THE GUNS."

PHOTOGRAPH BY L.N.A.



PHOTOGRAPHED ON HIS EIGHTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY: FIELD-MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS, WHO DIED AT FIELD-MARSHAL SIR JOHN FRENCH'S HEADQUARTERS AT THE FRONT, WHILE ON A VISIT TO THE INDIAN CONTINGENT.

Field-Marshal Earl Roberts died, on Saturday, November 14, as he would have died. In the words of Field-Marshal Sir John French, at whose Headquarters he had been before he succumbed to pneumonia, following a chill: "As he was called, it seems a fitter ending to the life of so great a soldier that he should have passed away in the midst of the troops he loved so well, and within the sound of the guns." Lord Roberts had gone to France for a few days to greet the Indian troops, of whom he was Colonel-in-

Chief. His loss, it need not be said, is very deeply regretted not only by those near and dear to him, but by the whole Empire. Germany, too, has not forgotten to pay tribute. Most of the papers of the German Press have expressed esteem for the great soldier, and the "Lokal Anzeiger," of Berlin, says: "Even in war, there are moments when the warrior salutes the enemy with his sword, instead of striking with it; and such a moment came with the death of Lord Roberts."

A DEFENCE AS A FISH-POND!—CATCHING “BREAKFAST” AT THE FRONT

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM A SKETCH BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, ONE OF OUR SPECIAL WAR ARTISTS.



AFTER THE INUNDATIONS TO HAMPER THE GERMAN ADVANCE: FRENCH DRAGOONS SPEARING, WITH THEIR LANCES, FISH TRAPPED IN THE SHALLOW WATER.

Describing the sketch from which this drawing was made, Mr. Frederic Villiers writes: "During the inundations to hamper the movements of the Germans, a number of fish were left in shallow water. French dragoons speared quite a number of these with their lances. Infantrymen tried the same tactics with their bayonets, but they were a good deal less successful." In connection with flooding, by the way, the "Times" has noted an interesting fact. A correspondent writes: "On my way back from Nieuport I met a resident, who showed me

an interesting document, the discovery of which, it is stated, was of the greatest value to the Belgians in coping with the German advance from Ostend. The document related to a law suit in 1795 between a peasant farmer and a landowner, the former claiming damages arising from the flooding of his ground during the defence of Nieuport in 1793-4. From this document, I understand, the Belgians gained the information which enabled them to flood the Nieuport district effectively."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

A GERMAN SPY-HOLE AT THE FRONT: LOOKING FOR THE HIDDEN FOE.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER.



RAIDING A WIRE-TAPPER'S NEST! A SPY'S HIDING-PLACE FOUND IN A HAYSTACK; SHOWING HIS "PRIVATE WIRE" LEADING TO THE BRITISH FIELD-WIRE.

There is, apparently, no end to the ingenuity and cool audacity of the German spy at the front. A British officer, in sending the sketch from which this drawing was made, says: "A favourite hiding-place is a hole burrowed out of the side of a corn or hay stack, and then concealed by laying stooks against the opening. This escapes notice, as a

rule, because the Allied troops constantly cloak similar shelters when bivouacking. Very thin wire is then attached to the wire it is wished to tap and led into the shelter where the spy lies with his instrument. The sketch shows an attempt to round up such a spy. The wire was found, but the bird had flown" [The wire Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

"WE HAVE ADVANCED SLIGHTLY IN THE ARGONNE": THE MEANING OF A BALD OFFICIAL COMMUNIQUÉ!

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY JULIUS M. PRICE, ONE OF OUR SPECIAL WAR ARTISTS.



THE FIGHTING ALONG THE MEUSE: FRENCH TROOPS DRIVING THE GERMANS OUT OF THE VILLAGE OF LOUPPY-LE-CHATEAU, OCCUPIED BY BOTH SIDES IN TURN.

In his note on the sketch from which this drawing was made, Mr. Julius Price writes (in November): "The fighting along the Meuse: driving the enemy out of a village in the Argonne. This village was alternately occupied by the Germans and the French, and was the scene of much fighting before the French finally got possession of it." The church-tower and many of the houses were in ruins from bombardment and fire. The Forest of the Argonne, often called simply the Argonne, is part of the western chain of hills of the same name in north-eastern France, near the sources of the Aisne. It forms a short but continuous ridge, intersected only by narrow defiles, through one of which, near St. Mennehoult, runs the railway from Paris to Verdun. Thus the Argonne forms an important section of the French frontier-defences, and has figured largely in the accounts of fighting on the right wing ever since the beginning of the war. The German Crown Prince

at one time commanded the enemy's forces in the Argonne region, and it was said that towards the end of September his troops there were in a critical position while they were trying to join the Bavarians in the same district. The Argonne, from a military point of view, is extremely difficult country, where large forces cannot easily be employed. At the same time, a small force is liable to complete destruction there. During October the French obtained several distinct successes in the Argonne. For example, in that month, they reoccupied Le Four de Paris (whence the Germans retired to Bourreilles), repulsed a German attack at Vauquois, and, it was reported, annihilated a whole German infantry regiment in the woods near La Chalade. More than 1200 Germans are said to have been killed. As regards more recent operations, it was stated in the French *communiqué* of November 14: "In the Argonne the struggle has begun again more fiercely."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

DURING THE FIERCEST FIGHTING THE WORLD

DRAWN BY P. CATON WOODVILLE FROM A SKETCH BY



DEADLY WORK OF ALMOST DAILY OCCURRENCE: A HOUSE-TO-HOUSE AND

Mr. Frederic Villiers writes this, in a note sent with the sketch from which the above drawing was made: "Street-fighting in the vicinity of Ypres has been almost a daily occurrence during the recent strenuous attacks by the reinforced German Army on the British position. One section of a village will be lost for a few hours by our troops and then retaken by them during the day. There is always a considerable loss of men in these fights, but by far the greater loss is generally on the side of the Germans—at least three or four of the enemy to one of ours." Describing the formidable manner in which the Germans in the Ypres district fortify themselves round and within the villages in their efforts to hold the

HAS KNOWN: IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF YPRES.

FREDERIC VILLIERS, ONE OF OUR SPECIAL WAR ARTISTS.



DEFENCE-TO-DEFENCE STREET-FIGHT BETWEEN THE BRITISH AND THE GERMANS.

positions to the last, the official Eye-Witness at Army Headquarters says: "They take every advantage that is to be obtained from the ground, and conceal themselves well, making use of ditches, hedges, and villages. They hold the buildings, many of which are placed in a row of defence, and in addition occupy narrow trenches outside the villages. The snipers are often placed in the centre of rooms whence they can command an approach through a window." We are told also that "in some directions the villages are so close together that this district has been described as one immense town." (Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

A HALF-SISTER OF "BUSY BERTHA": "BLACK MARIA" AT THE FRONT.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY ILLUSTRATIONS HURFAU.



HAULING THE WEAPON ON TO THE FIRING-MATS: A GERMAN 21-CENTIMETRE HOWITZER ON "CATERPILLARS."

Our photograph shows the German 21-centimetre (8·27) howitzer, which fires the 248-lb. shell whose explosion our men call "Black Maria," "Jack Johnson," or "Coal-box," from the dense black smoke. The range is 8900 yards. The wheels, it will be noted, are surrounded by girdles of linked plates of steel, faced with wood. Two firing-mats—two thicknesses of cane with steel plates between them—have been laid on the ground for the wheels to rest on, and the detachments are seen hauling the howitzer on to these

mats. They have got a wheel-purchase on the wheels, with drag-ropes. Both mats and "caterpillar" wheels are, of course, to prevent the gun sinking in soft ground. "Black Maria" may be called a half-sister of "Busy Bertha." "Busy Bertha" is the name given to the Krupp 42-centimetre gun, and this nickname is derived from the Christian name of Frau Krupp von Bohlen. That they are happily, if grimly, conceived and unflattering names may be admitted.

A TOWN WHICH COST GERMANY 4000 CASUALTIES: DIXMUDE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS AND FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO.



AFTER BOMBARDMENT: THE CHURCH OF ST. JEAN, DIXMUDE.



WHERE HARDLY A HOUSE ESCAPED DESTRUCTION IN A LONG ARTILLERY BATTLE: RUINS OF THE MAIN STREET AT DIXMUDE.



HELD FOR THREE WEEKS: TRENCHES OF FRENCH MARINES AT DIXMUDE.



A VILLAGE THAT HAD TO BE RETAKEN FROM THE GERMANS: RAMSCAPPELLE CHURCHYARD.



WHERE FRENCH MARINES HELD DIXMUDE: TRENCHES FROM OUTSIDE.



WHERE FRENCH MARINES AND ALGERIAN TROOPS ASSISTED IN THE DEFENCE: DIXMUDE—THE DAMAGED HOTEL DE VILLE AND THE CHURCH TOWER.



COMPLETELY WRECKED BY SHELL-FIRE: THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. JEAN, DIXMUDE.

Although the Germans succeeded in taking Dixmude, after three weeks' hard fighting, in which they are said to have had some 4000 casualties, they were unable to advance much further, their attempts to debouch from the town being repulsed with heavy loss. Dixmude was gallantly defended for some three weeks before it fell by a force of French Marines and some Algerian troops sent to assist the Belgians. The town, at the end,

was little more than a heap of ruins. At the neighbouring village of Ramscapelle the Algerians saved the situation by a fine charge. At this place the Germans had broken through the Belgian lines, and it had to be retaken at all costs. In the churchyard lie side by side the bodies of Belgian soldiers, French *chasseurs*, and Algerian riflemen, who fell in the combined attack which drove the Germans out.

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BASSANO, CHANCELLOR, SWAINI, LAPAYETTE, WEST, VANDYK, BRRESFORD, LAMBERT WESTON, LANGEIRN, ELLIOTT AND FRY, SPRAIGHT, RUDINI, WINTER, KATR PRAGNELL, AND ROBINSON.



Among the officers whose portraits we give on this page is Major the Hon. William George Sydney Cadogan, who fell while commanding the 10th Hussars. Major Cadogan was the fifth son of Earl Cadogan, by his marriage with the late Lady Beatrix Jane Craven, and was born in 1879. In 1900 he served as Hon. A.D.C. to King George, then Prince of Wales, on his Indian tour, and in September 1912 was appointed Querry to the Prince of Wales. Major Cadogan served with distinction in the South African War, 1899-1902, receiving the Queen's medal with four clasps and the King's medal with two clasps. He was made a member of the Victorian Order in 1906, and also received the Cross of Honour of the Crown of Wurtemberg. Major George Paley served

with distinction in the South African War, receiving the Queen's medal with four clasps. In 1902 he was A.D.C. to the General Officer Commanding at Woolwich, subsequently becoming Deputy-Assistant Quartermaster-General at Headquarters, and holding other Staff appointments. Captain Angus McNab was a well-known New Zealand officer, and was killed in the first engagement of the London Scottish Regiment, being bayoneted by the Germans, together with several wounded men whom he was attending. Captain McNab was an ophthalmic specialist in Harley Street. Major Lord Bernard Gordon-Lennox was the third son of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and served with distinction in the South African War, receiving the Queen's medal with two clasps.

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BALK, ROBINSON, HASSANO LAMBERT WESTON, GALE AND POLDEN, KINGHAM, LANGFIER, SYMONDS, HILLS AND SAUNDERS, PAGE, DEBENHAM, SPEIGHT, ELLIOTT AND FRY, CARTWRIGHT.



In the portraits of officers who have lost their lives in the war which we give on this page is included that of 2nd Lieut. Maurice A. Ley, 3rd Battalion of the Buffs, the third son of Sir Francis Ley, Bt., whose two other sons have just left for the front. Mr. Ley lost his life in turning "to help his men." 2nd Lieut. Musgrave Cazenove Wroughton, of the 12th Lancers, was only twenty-three, and lived only a few hours after he was wounded on October 30. He was very popular with his regiment. Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Jex-Blake Percival, D.S.O., of the Northumberland Fusiliers, was the youngest son of the Right Rev. J. Percival, Bishop of Hereford, and served with distinction in the Sudan and was present at Khartoum; he served also in the South African War. Lieut.-Colonel

Percival was awarded, for service in Egypt, the British medal and the Khedive's medal with clasp; in the South African War he was mentioned three times in despatches, Queen's medal (four clasps), King's medal (two clasps), and D.S.O.; and now, as an old school-fellow says, he has "crowned his fine career by a brave death." Captain the Hon. Arthur Edward Bruce O'Neill was the eldest son of the second Baron O'Neill, and M.P. for Antrim Co., Mid-Antrim Division. He served in South Africa in 1900. He married, in 1902, Lady Annabel Hungerford Crewe-Milnes, eldest daughter of the Marquess of Crewe. Captain Stanley-Creek was for many years a member of the regimental polo team which won the Infantry Tournament in the year in which he left India.

A DOMINANT FACTOR IN MODERN WAR: ARTILLERY.

PART III.

WHEN a man hears the whine of rifle-bullets past his head, when he hears the smack of a shrapnel-burst and sees the turf around him torn up by the whirring shrapnel bullets, then his first instinct is to rush forward. But very often his officers will not allow him to advance till the proper moment has come, and he is told to dig himself in instead. Lying on his face, he scrapes furiously with his entrenching tool to make a hole for himself. In a quarter of an hour he has a little mound of earth in front of him which stops the bullets; and in an hour, if he is not killed first, he and his comrades have made a trench in which they can crouch and can feel fairly safe from rifle-bullets and from shrapnel fired from guns. But the enemy has other views on the matter, and when he can no longer produce effect upon the entrenched riflemen with guns, he attacks them with the field-howitzer.

The howitzer is a very ancient weapon, and the earliest guns would be more properly described as howitzers. It is a short gun which throws a shell high into the air, so as to come down from the sky upon an enemy behind cover. Originally it threw shot or common shell, but the modern field-howitzer is pre-eminently a shrapnel weapon. A field-gun shrapnel sends a sheaf of bullets tearing along the surface of the ground, but the howitzer shrapnel discharges them downwards from above, and the infantryman in an open trench or the gunner behind his gun-shield stands but a poor chance when the howitzers have got the range of him.

It may be asked why all batteries are not equipped with howitzers instead of guns. The answer is that, although such a measure has been advocated by eminent artillerists, the howitzer has inherent disadvantages which limit its employment. The first of these is its inaccuracy, due to the effect upon the shell of the wind, which is usually much stronger at high elevations than close to the ground. A field howitzer shell travelling 5000 yards rises as high as the top of Snowdon in doing so, and is exposed for half a minute to strong and irregular air-currents. To attain any accuracy in the fall of the shell it must be heavy enough to oppose a considerable amount of inertia to air-currents, and nothing smaller than a thirty-pound shell can be relied upon—indeed, our own field howitzer shell is considerably heavier. Now, no doubt the gunner would prefer to go on firing 30-lb. shell instead of 18-lb. shell at the enemy, but he is not the only person to be considered; ammunition has to be brought up by rail, by motor-lorry, and by horsed ammunition-wagon to the guns, and there is a limit to the amount which can be transported by these means with an army in the field.

Another defect of the howitzer is the shallowness of the zone, measured from front to rear, covered by the bullets. A field-gun shrapnel will strike a man standing anywhere between the point of burst and some 300 yards farther off, so that it is not necessary to get his

exact range in order to hit him. But the howitzer shrapnel bullets, striking downwards, only cover some 50 yards of ground, so that the range has to be found within 25 yards to render the shell effective. And, under service conditions, it is not easy to get the range of a line of riflemen with this accuracy, especially when they keep on advancing by rushes. Therefore it is found that for all moving targets, or targets liable to move, the gun is by far the better weapon; while for fixed targets, such

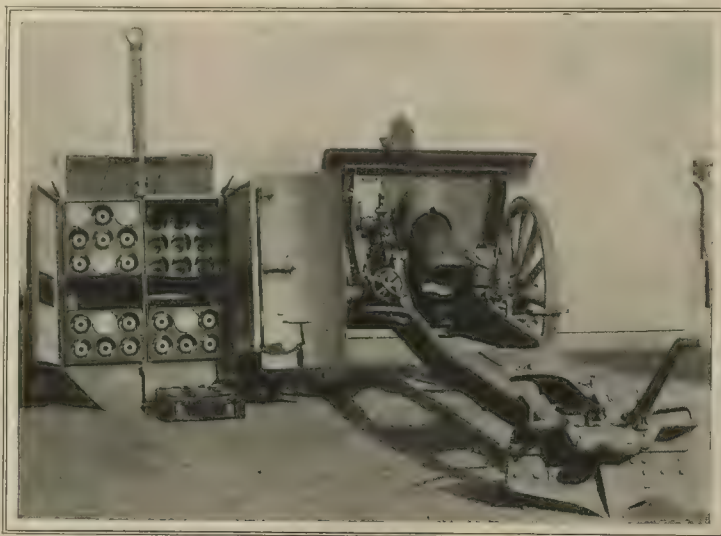


FIG. 1.—AS SUPPLIED TO SWITZERLAND AND TURKEY: A 'KRUPP 4.7-INCH LIGHT FIELD HOWITZER, WITH AMMUNITION-WAGON, SHOWING THE SEPARATE CARTRIDGES FOR VARIOUS RANGES.

as trenches and guns, the howitzer is preferable. Another duty of the howitzer is to breach overhead cover with high-explosive shell. When a man is entrenched, it is easy enough for him to get a hundred yards of solid earth in a direct line between him and the enemy, but not so easy to get overhead protection unless he tunnels deep into the ground. A section of paling with some earth shovelled on to it will keep out the howitzer shrapnel bullets, but the howitzer high-explosive shell will go through a roof covered with five feet of

Fig. 1 is a specimen of the modern light field howitzer, being a Krupp 4.7-inch howitzer as supplied to Switzerland and to Turkey. Fig. 2 is a howitzer of the same calibre by Schneider of Creusôt, as supplied to Greece and the Balkan States. These howitzers fire 46-lb. shell, and range over 7000 yards. The two pieces show some interesting differences of construction. The German howitzer is run up into the firing position after recoil by springs; while the French makers have adopted the more elaborate compressed-air gear, which gives a steadier carriage. The difficulty of finding room for recoil without the breech striking the ground has been overcome, in both pieces, by putting the trunnions as far back as possible; but while Krupp has preferred to support the resulting forward preponderance by a spring under the chase, which gives a somewhat unsteady support at high angles, Schneider has extended the cradle to the rear, so as to balance the weight of the howitzer. Of the two pieces, the German howitzer is stronger and simpler, requiring less skilled attendance to keep it efficient; while the French howitzer is capable of a higher rate of fire and may be expected to shoot better. In our own field howitzer the system adopted is different from either of the above; we use valves in the hydraulic buffer which gradually close as the howitzer is elevated, so as to shorten the recoil. This enables us to use central trunnions, without any special device to balance the howitzer; and this, again, enables the howitzer to be made much longer than the French and German patterns. It is partly owing to this feature that the British field howitzer is the best-shooting weapon of its class in Europe.

There is one peculiarity about a howitzer which renders its fire slower than that of a gun, apart from the delay in handling the heavier ammunition. And that is the number of different charges required. If the full charge be strong enough to carry the shell 7000 yards at 45 degrees of elevation, then to hit men in trenches only 3000 yards distant the gunner must either reduce the elevation, so that the bullets no longer strike sharply downwards, or else he must reduce the charge. The first alternative would spoil the effect, and accordingly howitzers fire as many as seven different charges. The powder in the cartridge is made up in separate bags, and one, two, or more of these are removed from the cartridge for the shorter ranges. The picture of the Krupp howitzer shows the short brass cartridges, each closed by a lid, which have to be prepared and loaded separately from the shell, thus sacrificing the advantages of fixed ammunition. The French makers solve the problem differently; Schneider uses "separable" ammunition, with a hand-machine by which the brass cartridge can be removed from the shell and re-fixed after the charge has been adjusted. But even this causes considerable delay, and a light field howitzer is not expected to fire more than ten rounds a minute, as against twenty-five for a field-gun.—(To be continued.)



FIG. 2.—AS SUPPLIED TO GREECE AND THE BALKAN STATES: A MODERN LIGHT FIELD HOWITZER BY SCHNEIDER OF CREUSÔT, WITH COMPRESSED-AIR RECOIL GEAR.

sand-bags and will burst inside the shelter, killing everyone within it. Fortunately for the infantryman, it takes a great deal of shooting to drop the shell exactly in the right place.

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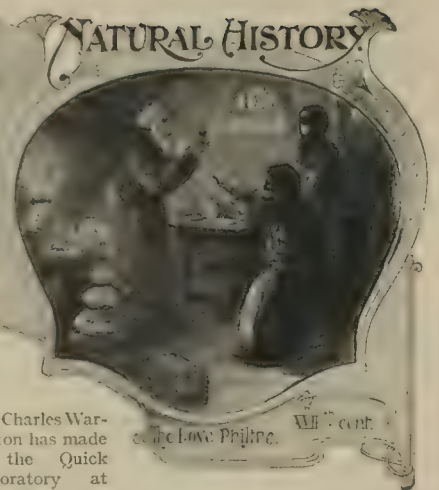
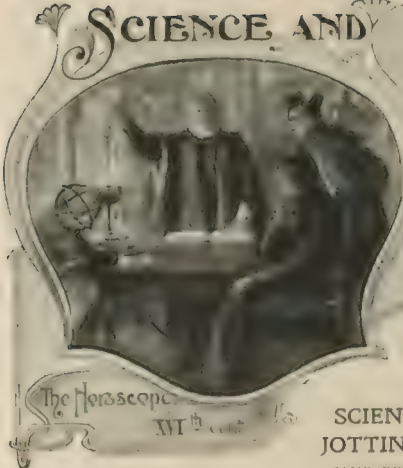
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SCIENCE AND

NATURAL HISTORY

SCIENCE
JOTTINGS.
CAMP PESTS.

NOW that half the youth of the country is in camp, and the advance of winter is bringing changed conditions into the life of the recruit, it is well to draw attention to the existence of a plague which will go some way towards converting a happy and cheerful existence into a miserable one, and may even have more serious results. This is—to put it plainly—the prevalence of vermin, or more particularly of fleas, bugs, and lice, which quickly make their appearance where men are gathered together in large numbers without the opportunity of frequently changing their clothing. It is not a question of cleanliness, in the ordinary sense of the word, because experiments have shown that a daily bath (which can now be obtained in most "hatted" camps) is quite powerless to stop or even to check the multiplication of these abominable insects.

Nor is their removal a matter entirely of convenience or sentiment. The local irritation caused by their bites not only directly decreases the soldier's strength, but is apt to deprive him of sleep. During the Army Manœuvres held in Sussex a few years ago, a regiment largely made up of recruits was incautiously allowed to bivouac on newly cut stubble which was literally swarming with harvest-bugs. The consequence was that hardly any of the young soldiers got any sleep that night, and were therefore to be found dozing whenever they were halted during the day. In those delicately brought up, moreover, the knowledge that they are infested with vermin produces a feeling of disgust which, trifling as it may appear to others, will gradually lower the vitality as water wears away a paving-stone, and render the patient liable to complaints which he might otherwise escape. Lastly, and most important, the parasites themselves are among the most efficient carriers of disease—or rather, of the bacilli that cause disease. The bacillus of typhus, or jail-fever—a disease which recently has been almost stamped out in England—is most readily conveyed by the louse which infests body-clothing, as is another bacillus which causes relapsing or intermittent fever. Fleas also, as is well known, are the active agents, if not the sole cause, of the spread of bubonic plague, and probably of a good many other diseases as well; and the same may be said of most of the other animals which live on human blood. In all these cases the blood of the parasite becomes infected by biting an infected person,

A GERMAN LESSON IN AIR-CRAFT DESTRUCTION: A BALLOON HIT BY A MOTOR-CAR GUN DURING PRACTICE.

Captive balloons have been employed by both sides in the war for observation purposes, as, for example, by the British on the Belgian coast to direct the fire of the war-ships. The above photograph shows a balloon hit while being used as a practice target by German gunners in a motor-car.

and thus conveys the poison into the veins of its next victim. The fact that the lower animal itself probably dies of the disease to

Mr. Charles Warburton has made at the Quick Laboratory at Cambridge are

of interest. They are well summarised in an article in our contemporary the *British Medical Journal* by Dr. Shipley, the Master of Christ's, at whose instance they were undertaken. From this it appears that the natural habitat of the clothing-louse, and probably of all the other parasites named, is flannel or cloth worn next the skin, and that cold is quickly fatal to them; while the eggs require for successful hatching a temperature

nearly as high as that of the human body, and the larvæ die in about thirty-six hours if not fed. It follows that all under-clothing worn during the day should be changed at night, and that that taken off should be turned inside out and put in as cold a place as possible. The seams of the outer garments, and particularly the inside seams of the trousers or breeches, should also be turned inside out and brushed with a hard brush. Sprinkling the seams with powdered chloride of lime, which should be quickly brushed out, may also be tried. When time and opportunity permit, under-clothes should be thrown into boiling water. Uniform and civilian suits that have been worn in camp should be placed near a hot fire for not less than six hours, and the seams should either be held before a jet of steam or pressed with a flat-iron made as hot as it can be used without burning the cloth.



THE TRAINING OF NAVAL GUNNERS: DUMMY WAR-SHIPS AS MOVING TARGETS RUN BY RAIL AT WHALE ISLAND.

At the great gunnery school at Whale Island, near Portsmouth, there are many ingenious devices used in the training of gunners. The two dummy ships at either end of the structure here illustrated are fired at by big guns while moving.—[Photograph by Cribb.]

which it acts as carrier gives little consolation to its human host. In these circumstances, the researches into the life-history of these pests which

not less than six hours, and the seams should either be held before a jet of steam or pressed with a flat-iron made as hot as it can be used without burning the cloth.



A MOTOR-AMBULANCE AS USED BY THE ENEMY: A GERMAN RED CROSS CAR WITH FIVE STRETCHERS.

The car here illustrated is one sent from Brussels by the Germans to bring back wounded from Ostend. It will be observed that it is marked "Gouvernement Brüssel."—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]

There remains to be said how creeping, as distinguished from jumping, parasites can be removed from the person. Mercurial ointment, which is generally employed in hospitals and prisons, is effective enough, but has dangers of its own in amateur hands. On the whole, nothing is better fitted for the soldier's use, and more easy for him to obtain, than petrol or benzene, either of which will kill at once the insects, their eggs, and their larvæ. Either petrol or benzene, too, can be used for sponging the clothing, and leaves hardly any perceptible smell behind it; while, thanks to the coming of the motor-car, a supply of one or the other can now be bought in the smallest village. With this, with as strict attention to cleanliness as is possible under service conditions, hair cut so short that he cannot grasp it, and clothing changed as frequently as he can manage, the soldier ought to be able to keep at bay these disgusting assailants.

F. L.

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NEW NOVELS.

"The Woman in the Bazaar."

There is a suggestion of "Ancient and Modern" running through Mrs. Alice Perrin's clever story. "The Woman in the Bazaar" (Cassell). The heroine, when we first meet her in the garden of a wayside vicarage in the Cotswolds, is singing the familiar verse which opens with the pathetic line, "Other refuge have I none," and this runs like a refrain throughout a story which quickly takes pretty Rafella Forte from her peaceful home to the "activities, contradictions, and comparative luxuries of life in a large Indian station." She goes out as the wife of a handsome but rather stern Captain George Coventry, who has a strain of Othello in his composition. The Indian station soon provides plenty of petticoated laces in the "tattle-snakes" of the Club, and a dangerous dangle after the young wife, in the person of a sardonic, unscrupulous mature bachelor barrister of evil reputation, who quickly marks down "sweet little Mrs. Coventry" as his next quarry. The story is very well told, although it is difficult to believe that Rafella can think that the barrister, Kennard, has been "guided" to her for her to reform; and it is stretching the long arm of coincidence that Coventry, sixteen years after divorcing Rafella, should not only marry Trixie Munro, another fluff heroine, but be saved from unreasonably divorcing her through happening upon Rafella as the notorious "woman in the bazaar," who is going South with Babu Chandra Das, "for is he not rich?"—a sight which cures Coventry of jealousy, and leaves the reader contemplating a reformed Othello and an innocent Desdemona in George Coventry and his wife. Mrs. Perrin is always interesting, and her pictures of life in India are particularly rich in local colour.

"The Witch." The stately picturesqueness of the death of Queen Elizabeth at Richmond Palace, and the grim horror of a Witch Judge's Court in

the time of King James, lend themselves well to the rich word-painting to which we are accustomed in the work of Miss Mary Johnston, and in "The Witch" (Constable) she is seen at her best. The old Queen lay among rich cushions on the floor, "her gaunt frame stretched upon cloth-of-gold and coloured silk. She had upon her a long, rich gown. . . . Her head was dressed with a ture of false hair, a mass of red-gold; there was false colour upon her cheek and lip. . . . Now there came a moan, and now a Tudor oath." Her statesmanlike mind was thinking dimly of high politics even to the last, and

pictures of the hunting down of witches, a witch-trial, and the escape of Joan and Gilbert to the New World. The story is a clever resuscitation of scenes, characters, and incidents of a peculiarly interesting period.

"The Three Sisters."

of a selfish vicar, "an artist in gloom," living in a village on the Yorkshire moors, is shown by Miss May Sinclair in her story, "The Three Sisters" (Hutchinson).

Exceptional skill in minute analysis and vivid presentation of the inner-most souls of the three daughters of a selfish vicar, "an artist in gloom," living in a village on the Yorkshire moors, is shown by Miss May Sinclair in her story, "The Three Sisters" (Hutchinson). With courage verging on audacity, the author paints the lives of these girls, their passions, their pettinesses, their nobilities of thought and of sacrifice, their intense humanity, and makes them very real. There is power in the book, some humour, and an intensity of pathos touching now and then a note of tragedy, making us even think of such women as Tess of the D'Urbervilles or Hester Prynne, and of such authors as Thomas Hardy and Nathaniel Hawthorne. The interest of the reader is captured on the first page and held until the last. Love and other passions—not excluding selfishness—are exhibited without fear, and analysed in minute detail. Keen intuition into the motives of the characters is obvious; and, with it all, the story is told with irresistible humanity, broad sympathy, and a humour shrewd as well as pleasant. James Cartaret, Vicar of Garth, his three daughters, Mary, Gwendolen, and Alice—very skilfully contrasted—Dr. Steven Rowcliffe, Jim Greatorex (a hard-drinking, vicious young farmer), Essy (a simple, too-trustful servant), are finely conceived studies, and the tragedies—for they are nothing less—in which they are involved are cleverly drawn. The author coins many a striking, beautiful, or happy phrase. Now and then there is a sense of affection—the "honey-white" of a girl's face, and so on—but this is trifling in comparison with the clever characterisation which makes "The Three Sisters" a book to read from cover to cover.



ALLIES OF THREE NATIONS: A PICTURESQUE GROUP CHOOSING A SITE FOR AN INDIAN CAMP IN FRANCE.

This interesting photograph shows a party of Indians, accompanied by a distinguished French officer, engaged in selecting a suitable place for their camp near Marseilles. The British officer (fifth from the left) is Lieut. S. E. Williams, of the Supply and Transport Corps. (Photo, Truicy.)

her thin lips, coloured cherry-red, murmured, "England—Scotland—Ireland—Navarre." The Queen died, and with the coming of James I. came fiercer religious strife than before, the art of witch-finding, and the crime of witch-burning. With so quaint and romantic a subject the author is at her best, and the story of pretty Joan Heron—who has no love for the "mini-mouth and downcast look" of Puritanism—her would-be lover, Harry Carthew, and the learned, broad-minded young doctor, Gilbert Aderhold, is told with unfailing charm. We have, too, a rollicking scene at the Cap and Bells, near Cheapside Cross, and a vivid

Gwendolen, and Alice—very skilfully contrasted—Dr. Steven Rowcliffe, Jim Greatorex (a hard-drinking, vicious young farmer), Essy (a simple, too-trustful servant), are finely conceived studies, and the tragedies—for they are nothing less—in which they are involved are cleverly drawn. The author coins many a striking, beautiful, or happy phrase. Now and then there is a sense of affection—the "honey-white" of a girl's face, and so on—but this is trifling in comparison with the clever characterisation which makes "The Three Sisters" a book to read from cover to cover.



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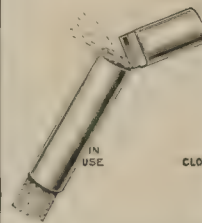


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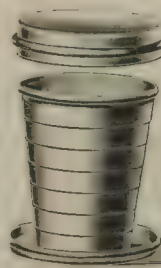
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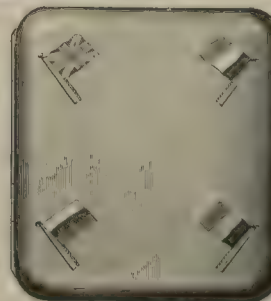
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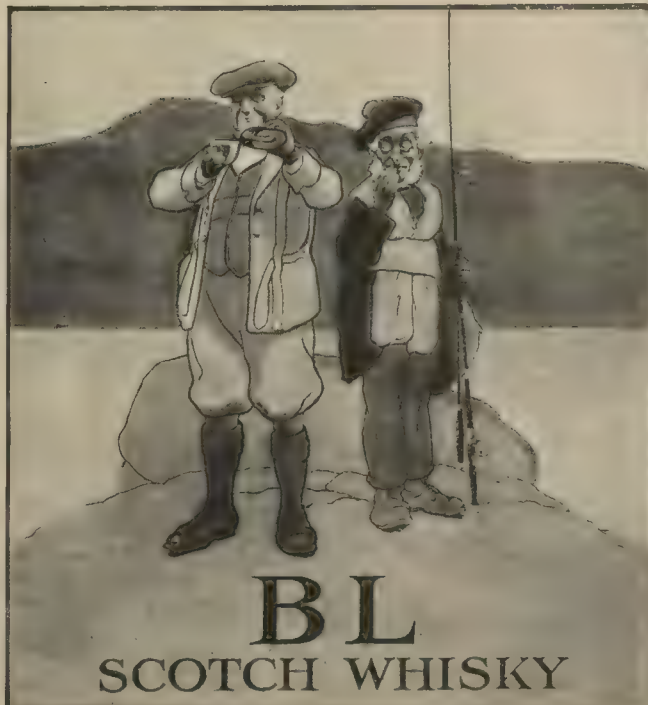
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VISUALISE in your mind's eye the photograph of a beautiful place and an "impression" of it in water-colour or etching or mezzotint. Note the difference. The one is accurate—absolutely, relentlessly accurate. The other is all vagueness of outline, "atmosphere," mystery. In the former, nothing is omitted. Everything that the rays of light can penetrate is reproduced. It stands before you exactly as it is. The truth of it is beyond dispute. You cannot get away from its awful veracity. Yet there is something missing—something essential. It has no soul. It is a dead thing. All the meaning of it has escaped the photographic lens. One wearies of it, because it is shallow, without depths.

On the other hand, an "impression" is often far nearer the real truth than this. It may not be exactly as the thing is, but it often gives a clearer impression of how the thing looks. The artist has caught something more important than mere outline and detail: he has caught something of its soul, its romance, the greatness for which it stands. For each beauty has its own expression, its own atmosphere—even its own mood. This the camera misses. This the artist reflects. And just as a photograph is often less like the object than a pencil drawing, so there are writers who can describe people and places with absolute accuracy, and yet convey nothing of those things which alone make them vital and real. The body is described; the soul is missing. Moreover, so enthusiastic do they become over the body that, metaphorically speaking, they start a *post-mortem* examination and wax exceedingly enologistic over the separate pieces. They possess all the expert knowledge, and all the lack of imagination, of a dissector.

And such a writer is Mr. Egerton R. Williams—at least, to some extent. In his new book, "Lombardy Towns of Italy" (Smith, Elder), he describes these cities that he loves with immense enthusiasm, but the enthusiasm takes the form of superabundant description of detail, and too little description of their effect as a whole. Although Mr. Williams sees few things which do not "dazzle him beyond conception," he fails to make us enter into his enthusiasm. He stands too near the objects of his adoration. He cannot see the church for the



THE BESTOWAL OF DECORATIONS IN THE FRENCH ARMY: AN OFFICER RECEIVING THE ACCOLADE FROM A FRENCH GENERAL. This interesting photograph was taken recently at a certain place in France during the ceremony of bestowing military decorations on officers and men who have distinguished themselves in the war.

Photograph by Sport and General.



THE GENTLER SEX, LIKE RECRUITS, ARE INSPIRED BY MARTIAL MUSIC: A BAND OF THE CHURCH GIRLS' NURSING AND AMBULANCE BRIGADE IN REGENT STREET.

Much interest was aroused in London on Saturday afternoon (the 14th) by the brass band of the Church Girls' Nursing and Ambulance Brigade, which marched along Regent Street playing inspiring airs. The War Office intends to make more use of bands to assist recruiting and stimulate popular enthusiasm. Evidently woman also finds inspiration in music for her duties in time of war.—[Photograph by Topical.]

bricks. At the end of his eulogies one sees nothing. Usually he is far too "eloquent" for easy understanding. Here, for example, is how he puts one of Goethe's aphorisms "in another way": "A traveller is one building a fair house in the mind; but he must have a stout framework of knowledge before he can lay on the shingles of observation." Personally, we prefer Goethe.

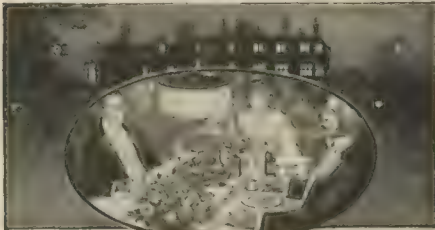
Again, in his description of the treasury of Monza Cathedral, he blurs the effect by striving to include too much in his word-painting. Here is part of his description: "Crosses, cups, vases, medallions, chalices, monstrances, pyxes, crucifixes, statuettes, lamps, candelabra, platters, mitres, coifers, goblets, ewers, urns, épergnes, reliquaries, vessels of every shape and size, all glittering in gold or silver, embossed, engraved, perforated, damascened, intagliated, relieved sumptuously with figures and designs, and in large part set with iridescent gems, cymophanous or prismatic as the changing hues of the chameleon. . . ." It reads like a page out of a dictionary, conveying no meaning—only words. The sentence—which, by the way, is not finished—is typical of the literary style in which the book is written.

Nothing escapes his eye: he tells us everything—and yet, because he tells us everything, perhaps, we really see nothing. He is as greedy of facts as Baedeker himself, and he presents them to us almost as formally.

One longs for the "human" touch, for the sign of poetry and imagination by which alone beauty can be made vivid through words. The book is extremely valuable as information, as history, as a glorified guide-book to be read on the spot; but for those who have never visited the towns of Lombardy, or who wish to see them again through the imagination of an author who knows them and loves them, the result is likely to be disappointing.

A benevolent offer likely to be of wide-reaching benefit has been made by the Council of the National Institute for the Blind, Great Portland Street, London, W. The Institute undertakes to help, as far as practicable, all men who lose their sight while serving their country in the war, and requests that the names and addresses of all who are desirous of its aid should be forwarded to the Secretary-General of the Institute.

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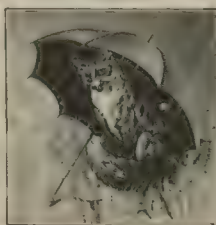
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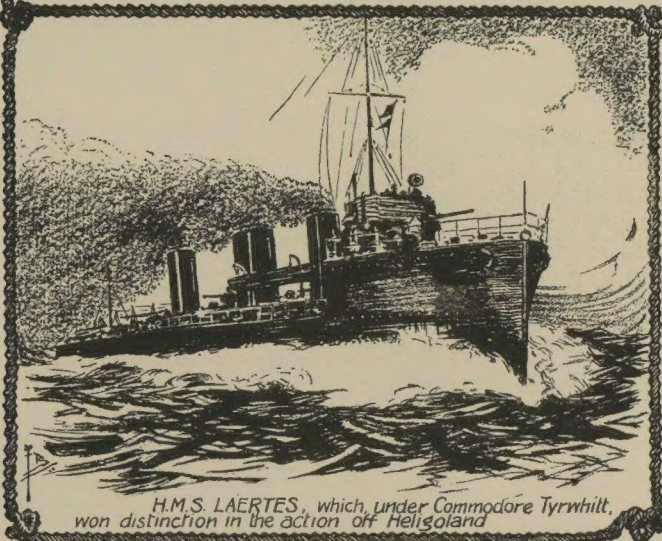
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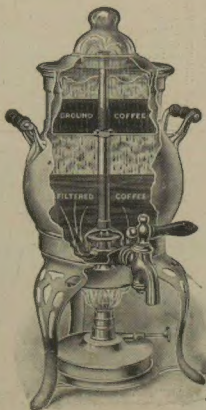
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated June 3, 1914) of MRS. ELIZABETH SMITH, of 7, Connaught Place, W., who died on Sept. 6, is proved by three of her children, the value of the estate amounting to £215,773. The testatrix gives all her manuscripts of the published works of Thackeray, Robert Browning, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Charlotte Brontë, and other authors, to her children for life, with remainder to the British Museum; the original letters from Thackeray to her husband, to her son George; the Dictionary of National Biography, with the copyright and stock to her children George and Ethel Sara and her son-in-law Reginald K. Smith to be dealt with according to her known wishes; £8000 to her daughter Ethel Sara, to be applied as she knows of, and any surplus for her charities, and £100 for the Poor of St. Jude's, White-chapel; £100,000 to her children, the share of her son George to be as sixteen is to eleven in relation to the shares of her other children; £5000 to her granddaughter Elizabeth Maud Murray Smith; £1000 each to her other grandchildren; a few other legacies, and the residue to her children.

The will of MR. JOSEPH FELS, of Philadelphia, who died on Feb. 22, is proved in London by the widow and Walter Coates, the value of the property in this country being £123,328. Subject to legacy of 50,000 dols. to Walter Coates, he leaves the entire disposal of his fortune to his wife, who resides at 10, Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park.

The following important wills have been proved—

Mr. Henry Charles Howard, Greystoke Castle, Cumberland.	£133,194
Mr. Frederick Weldon, Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge.	£117,304
Mr. Thomas Edward Rose, Bedford.	£75,446
Mr. Ernest James Arbouin, 59, Onslow Gardens, S.W.	£75,170
Mr. Peter O'Kenealy, 5, Bentinck Street, W.	£40,706
Eleventh Viscount Arbutnot, Fordoun, Kincardineshire.	£37,593
Dame Beatrice A. S. Lushington, 34, Old Queen Street, Westminster.	£34,461
Mr. Edward Peter O'Kelly, M.P., Baltinglass, Co. Wicklow.	£3,468
Lord Albert Edward Godolphin Osborne, Hornby Castle, Yorks.	£2,776
Mr. Bennet Burleigh, 4, Victoria Road, Clapham, the famous War-Correspondent.	£838

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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

A M SPARK (Lincoln).—Thanks for your problem, which will, no doubt, be very acceptable to our readers.

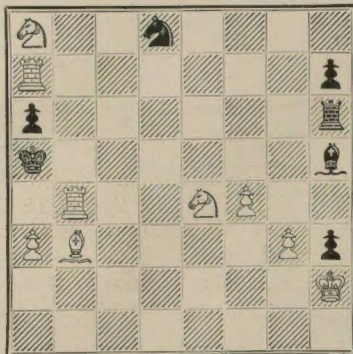
R C DUKELL (South Woodford).—We must ask you to send your problem on a diagram. With so many pieces on the board there is too much room for error in setting up.

S JOHNSON (Huddersfield).—We are sorry it happened, but these things will occur.

W J HAYTER (Exeter).—We fear interest will be greatly diminished until the war is over.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3666 received from C A M (Penang); of No. 3668 from C A M; of No. 3674 from Marco Salem, W Dittlof Tjassens (Apeldoorn), T F (Trubia, Spain); of No. 3675 from J Verrall (Rodmell), and T F Jones; of No. 3676 from A L Payne (Lazonby), F Wallis (Scarborough), A W Hamilton-Gell (Carlton Club), E P Stephenson (Llandudno), F J Overton (Sutton Coldfield), J Verrall, L Glenfield, and J Smea.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3677 received from Julia Short (Exeter), Rev. J Christie (Redditch), W H Silk (Birmingham), F R Gittins (Birmingham), H Grasett Baldwin (Guildford), R Worries (Canterbury), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), E J Winter-Wood (Paignton), Blair H Cochrane (Harling), H S Brandreth (Weybridge), J Fowler, A H Arthur (Bath), F Thompson (Colne), T T G (Cambridge), Major Deykin (Birmingham), A L Payne, Captain Challice (Great Yarmouth), W Best (Dorchester), Mark Dawson (Horsforth), A W Hamilton-Gell, J Smart, F J Porter (Brighton), S Johnson (Huddersfield), and R C Durell.

PROBLEM No. 3679.—By M. F. J. MANS.
BLACK

WHITE

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3679.—By J. C. STACKHOUSE.

WHITE

1. Kt to B 2nd
2. Q to B 8th
3. Q mates.

BLACK

- K takes P
- K moves

If Black play 1. K to Kt 4th, 2. Q to Kt 4th (ch), etc.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the British Chess Federation, between Messrs. BLACKBURNE and VINER.
(Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. B.) BLACK (Mr. V.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. P to Q 4th P takes P
4. Kt takes P B to B 4th
5. B to K 3rd Q to B 3rd
6. P to Q B 3rd K Kt to K 2nd
7. Kt to B 2nd B to Kt 3rd
B takes B is the reply modern analysis considers best. Here Black plays it apparently as an afterthought, losing a move first with the piece.

8. Q Kt to R 3rd B takes B
9. Kt takes B P to Q R 3rd
10. B to Q 3rd P to Q 3rd
11. Castles B to Q 2nd
12. P to K B 4th Castles (K R)
13. Q to B 2nd Q to R 3rd
14. Q R to K sq Q R to K sq
15. P to K Kt 4th Kt to Q sq
16. Q to Kt 2nd Q to R 5th

Black has now a very ugly cramped position, and must provide a safe retreat for his Queen without delay.

17. Q Kt to B 2nd Kt to Kt 3rd
18. R to B 3rd Kt to K 3rd
19. Q R to K B sq Kt to B 4th
20. Kt to B 5th Q to Q sq
1. Q to K 2nd Kt to K R 5th
2. R to K 3rd

WHITE (Mr. B.) BLACK (Mr. V.)
This exchange only opens the Knight's file for White Rooks, which are well situated to take advantage of the opportunity.

22. Kt takes Kt
23. Kt P takes Kt Kt takes B
24. Q takes Kt Q to B 3rd
25. R to Kt 3rd B to Kt 4th
26. P to B 4th B to B 3rd
27. R to K sq Q takes Kt P
28. Kt to Q 4th

White has baited his trap very cleverly. Not only is the Black Queen now shut out of play, but the temptation to snap up another Pawn involves her in irretrievable disaster.

28. Q takes Q R P
29. Q to Q B 3rd

This wins, whatever be Black's reply. If any attempt is made to save the Queen, the Bishop is lost.

29. P to B 3rd
30. R to R sq Q takes R (ch)

The game was continued a few more moves; but could well be ended here. It is like old times come again to find the veteran master handling one of his favourite openings with all the vigour of his youth.

"HENRY IV. (PART I.)" AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

SIR HERBERT TREE'S Falstaff must, by this time, be one of the best-known of all his Shakespeare creations. But, oddly enough, it is his Falstaff of "The Merry Wives," the degraded, the humiliated, the senile Falstaff which we have seen most often. The knight of the gayer wit, the fruitier humour, the more vigorous temper, as he appears in the First Part of "Henry IV.," the actor-manager of His Majesty's has less frequently shown us, though we met him first so long ago as in 1897 at the famous Haymarket matinées. Yet this Falstaff of Sir Herbert's is of necessity vastly more genial, more gloriously insolent, and more winning than the other, and he figures, too, in quite the best of the chronicle plays, a play in which history and fun, court pomp and low life, battle-scenes and tavern frolics are woven together by a master-hand into the most harmonious of fabrics. It is good to meet Falstaff in his prime once more. Mr. Matheson Lang has the fire, the eloquence, the physique for Hotspur; all the stranger, then, is his adoption of a stuffer for which there seems not the smallest warrant. The Prince Hal of Mr. Owen Nares is gracious, but just a trifle self-conscious. Mr. Basil Gill's King is sonorous. Mr. Ross's Vernon, Mr. Whitby's Bardolph, Mr. Charles Quartermaine's Poins, and Mr. Julian Cross's Northumberland could not be bettered; and we get sweet singing from Miss Dilya Jones's Lady Mortimer, and bright comedy from Miss Viola Tree's Lady Percy.

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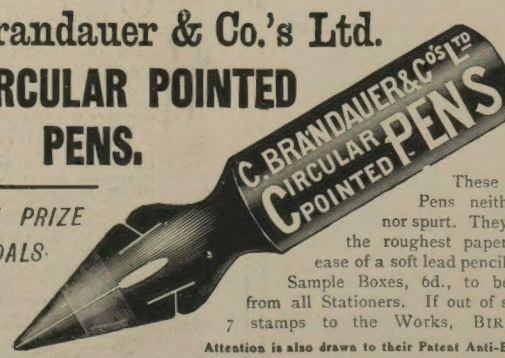
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Show Week. Here we are in Show Week time and have no Show, Olympia being still occupied by other "exhibits" of a foreign character. 'Pon my word, this is indeed a record, for from 1896 to date London has seen each year some form of motor exhibition. These have ranged from Richmond Park to the Crystal Palace, and from the Agricultural Hall to Olympia. Guy Lewin even hoped to run an "unauthorised" show at Regent's Park next week, but received a severe hint to drop it from the Management Committee of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, otherwise strong measures savouring of Kaiser Bill would be taken. Perhaps the idea of being held up for ransom to the tune of £250 to £500 for bond-signers was felt too cogent an argument to be resisted in these days of curtailment of unnecessary expenses. Consequently, the only shows are to be those in each of the London depots of the chief motor-makers or their authorised agents. There have been the usual

genial motor-car-producing hosts. The result has been that the trade have placed a fair amount of business for the manufacturer to go on with for the present—the motor agent being ever an optimist. The public, of course, will have to take these cars off the hands of the agents, and so, as there is to be no opportunity of a big display this week, it is hoped that from now to next August a continual beating of the drum to get buyers for the goods will be the selling programme of the trade. Well, the newspapers will welcome their announcements—as many and as frequently as the trade choose; and the sooner they begin the better will everybody be pleased. For I foresee the agents and the manufacturers being in greater difficulties in obtaining orders the longer they wait trying to get them from the public.

New Model. Our show specimen this week is the new Arrol-Johnston car that Mr. T. C. Pullinger has produced to tickle the desires of this firm's patrons for this season. I daresay that most of the motorists that read these "chronicles" will remember that the distinguishing features of Arrol-Johnston cars are the duck-tail frame and the sloping bonnet, as the radiator is placed behind the engine adjoining the dashboard. Now in the new 17.9-h.p. Arrol-Johnston car the radiator is in front of the engine, nose-rounded, so that the design permits of a streamline touring coach-work being fitted that continues the lines of the bonnet and minimises air-resistance. The 11.9-h.p. Arrol-Johnston now disappears, and the programme for 1915 gives the 15.9-h.p., the 17.9-h.p. (the new model), and the 20.9-h.p. as the three power sizes to be built in the Arrol-Johnston works at Dumfries. Both the 15.9-h.p. and the 20.9-h.p. Arrol-Johnston cars remain as in 1914, except that now the 15.9-h.p. size does not fit an engine-starter. The equipment of the new 17.9-h.p. model includes both electric-lighting and an electric engine-starter, and the car itself has been produced as the useful touring vehicle. It will seat five comfortably, has four forward speeds, detachable

steel wheels, Dunlop tyres, and a spare wheel, has a bevel-drive and not a worm for its final transmission of the power of its four-cylinder 85 by 120 mm. engine to the road-wheels. Its price, including all

equipment for the road, is £375, which seems to me about as fair a price as any in the market. "Point nine" is almost a trade-mark for Arrol-Johnston cars, and so I suppose they will continue to create their R.A.C.-rated motors with this fraction in their denomination of power. Personally, I wish they would try and avoid decimals, as, although I have not yet



MOTERING IN THE COTSWOLDS: A FORD RUNABOUT (1913) OUTSIDE "THE CORNER CUPBOARD" AT WINCHCOMBE.

The new price of that popular little car, the Ford Runabout, is £115.

gatherings of the factors or agents in Coventry and neighbourhood to see the new models (where ready), and invitations while there to place orders with the various factories while on the spot and enjoying the hospitality of their

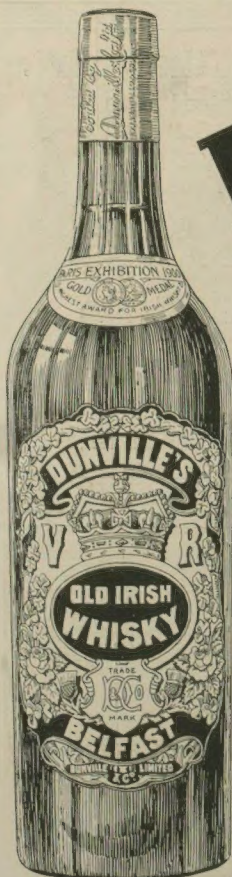


THE MOTOR-CYCLE IN WAR: A BELGIAN DESPATCH-RIDER, ON A "TRIUMPH," HANDING IN DESPATCHES.

The machine shown in the photograph is a three-speed Triumph, a make that is extensively used at the front.

tried this car on the road, I have no doubt its motor really develops from 22 to 25 h.p. in point of fact.

Driving Seats. This Scotch production from a very new and up-to-date factory leads me to suggest to them and other motor-car builders the advisability of considering adjustable driving seats. I am, perhaps, a bit long in the leg, while my confrère the usual writer of these notes (in times of peace) is of the opposite form of build. Consequently, the car with a fixed driving seat cannot be comfortable for both of us. The war has brought out more lady drivers, and they must suffer from the same disabilities, and so it would seem this is a most fitting time that greater attention should be paid to this detail of construction in the coach-work. If the driving seat is capable of being varied both in its height from the floor-boards and in its distance from the pedals there would be a greater all-round comfort for its users. It should also be a selling point in these days of competition. Verb. sap. W. W.



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